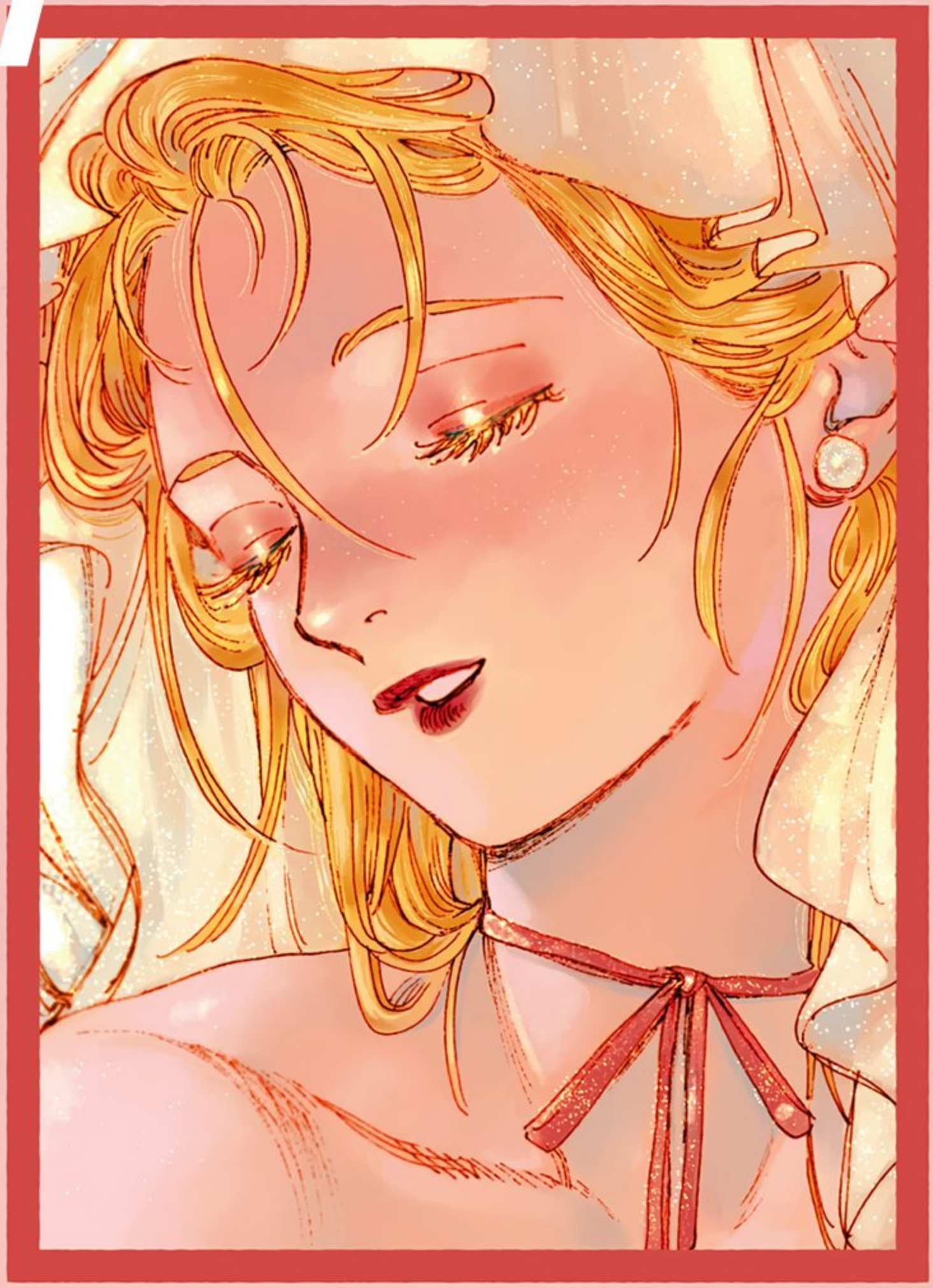
Veil 7:
Warmest blue

SCENE 74



Between Sun and Shadow

Nothing like it is during the daytime...

I had no idea the sun could be so pretty.

Don't see this in the city, that's for sure.

What a picturesque sunset.

CLAP CLAP CLAP

just like my head!

Big big shadow...

Every-thing's red...

red red grass...

Red red sun,

Just like my head,

Could you put your feelings into song?

Shad-
ow?

What
are you
up to?

Wha!

You
can
tell?!

Your
breathing's
changed,
too.

You've
gone all
quiet.

Er—

I guessed your hands must've been near.

I heard your clothes ruffle...

...and got a waft of that cigarette smell.

Really had me for a second there.

Nope!

Your hair, your cheeks...

I was touching you... with my shadow.

Nothing gets past you.

My!

Try and guess.

...What are you up to *now?*

What if I do this?

SHFFL

SHFFL

Right now...

Let's see...

I only feel the sun at my feet,

which means...

Even your shadow is grand.

I want to put *these* feelings into song.

CLAP CLAP

Nice fitting sun-shoes you've got on there.

Shadows again.

Ee-hee-hee...

I'm wrap-ped up...

...in your shadow.

They're very warm and comfy.

You should go barefoot, too...

If you've got anything on already.

Hmm...

...

Hey...

Are you up to something again?

My, you've really taken an interest.

In this sun song of yours.

I was mulling over the rest of my song.

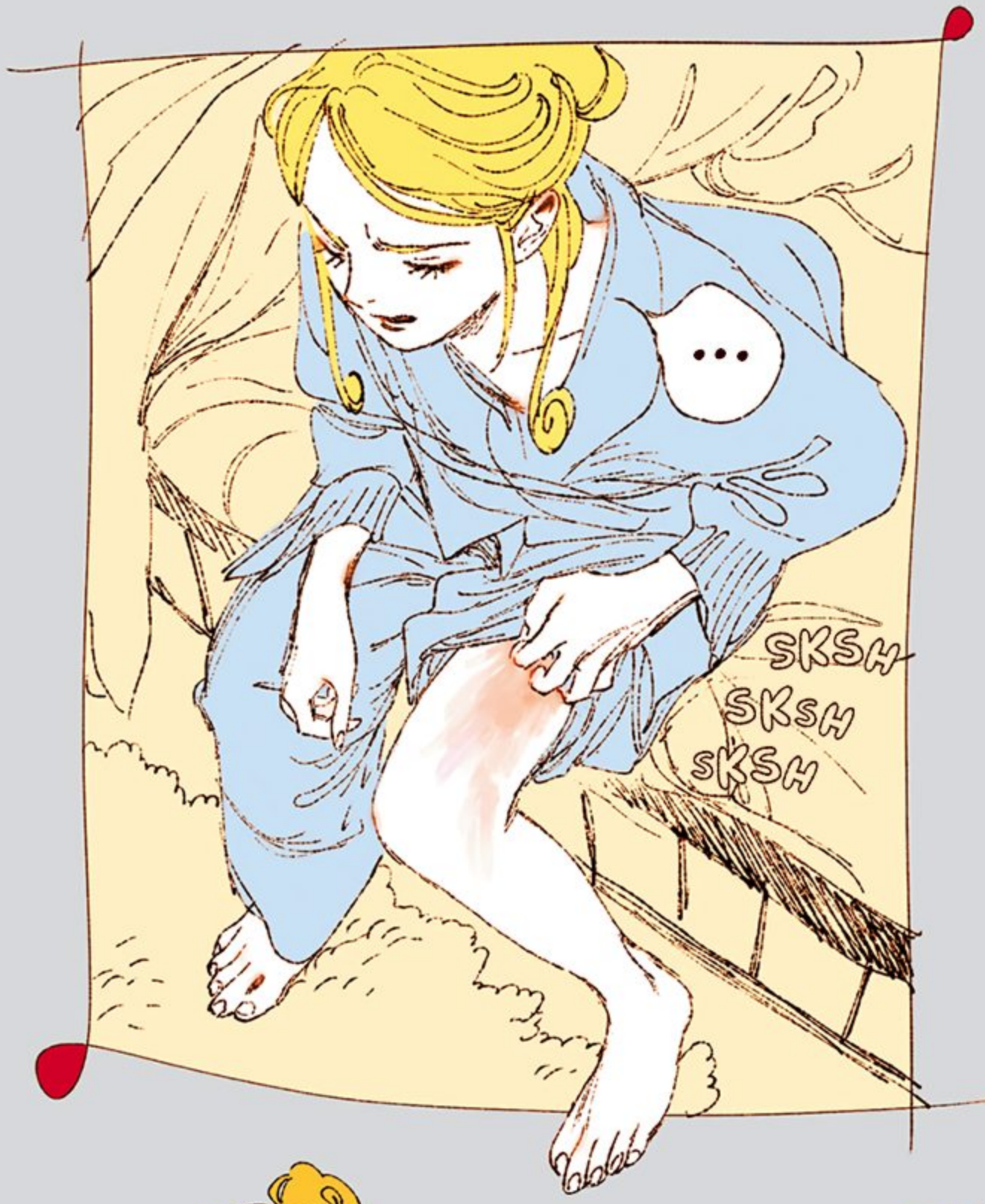
Oh, no.

Did you **want** me to?

...

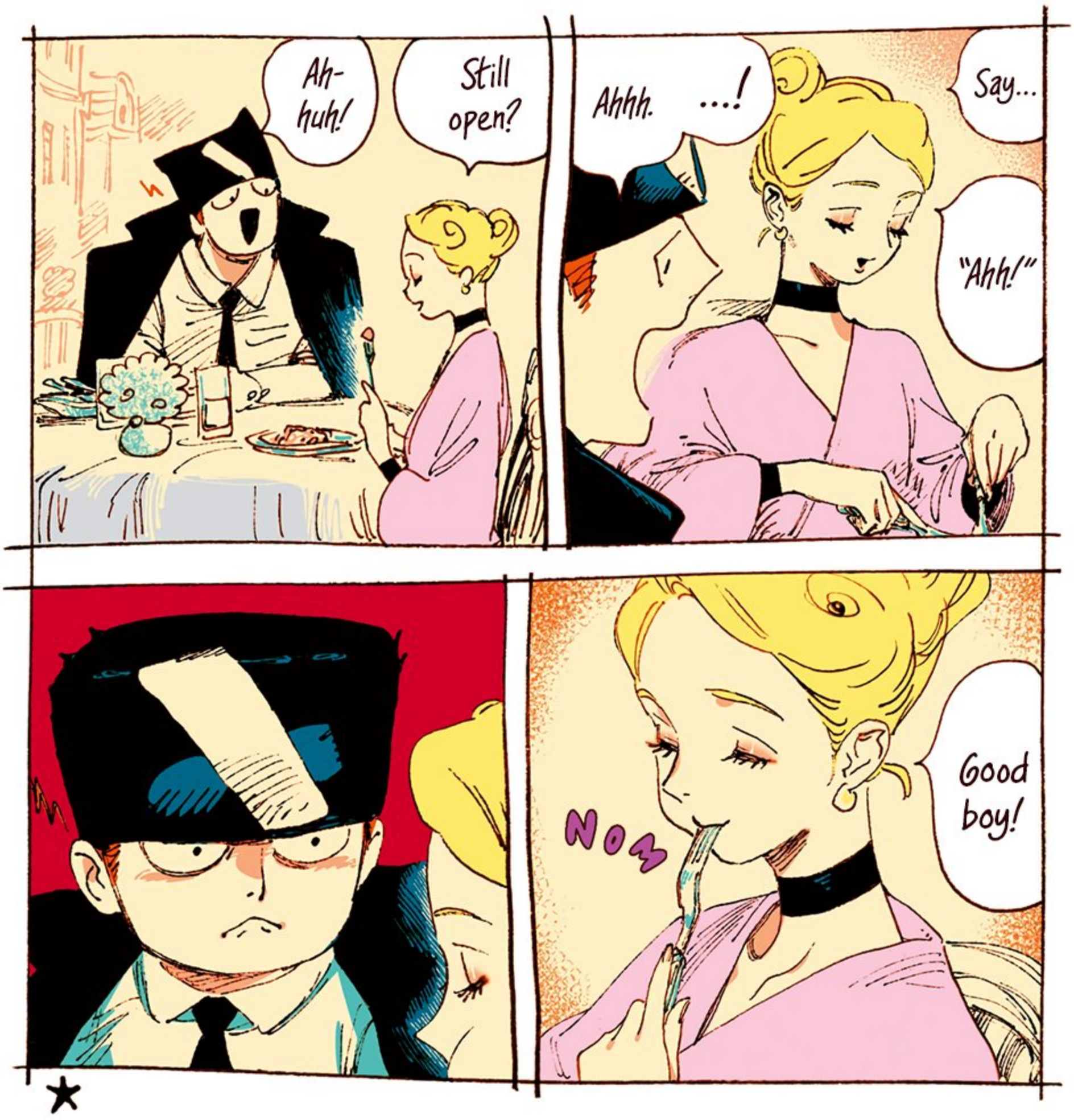
Some-thing shady?

Huh?


...
SKSH
SKSH
SKSH

EXTRA SCENE

Say "Ah"



!

2024.10.05 fin.

A tug on my sleeve brings me back to reality.
"Please don't go too far." It's what I always say to her.
We tilt our heads in unison to listen to the melody of the music box.
It's not what was playing at the carousel, but...
"I could hear music playing, so I believed you'd be there."
"I was sure you would come and find us."
I chose not to remind her she was on the way to the ice cream stall.
Crescent-shaped carriages looped around the box.
They're reminiscent of the ones we rode after eating those extraordinarily sugary ice creams in silence.
Honestly, with the sickly sweetness lingering on my palate and the liveliness around,
I would have rathered to take a rest some place quiet. But as she sat next to me,
fingers dancing on my knees, she reached over to my hand and whispered in my ear,
"Stretch out your hand. The breeze feels very soft..."

The music box halts. The miniscule horse stops before my eyes.
That reminds me, we didn't actually ride the horses, just the carriages, I mumble.
To which, she raises her eyebrows and says,
"How about we ride a real horse?"
Sure.
A moment of doubt crossed my mind, but strangely the thought of her falling off didn't.
It was more that I'd never considered myself riding a horse before. An elated smile took over her face.

Along the shelf line all sorts more music boxes. Which of these are wind-ups?
She drags me along by the hand, scrutinising the different timbres.
Meanwhile, my imagination wanders to all the clothes she'd brought out with her.
Let me pinch that beret of yours. I gaze at her now-revealed blonde hair and contemplate hairstyles.
If we're going horseriding, surely a ponytail?

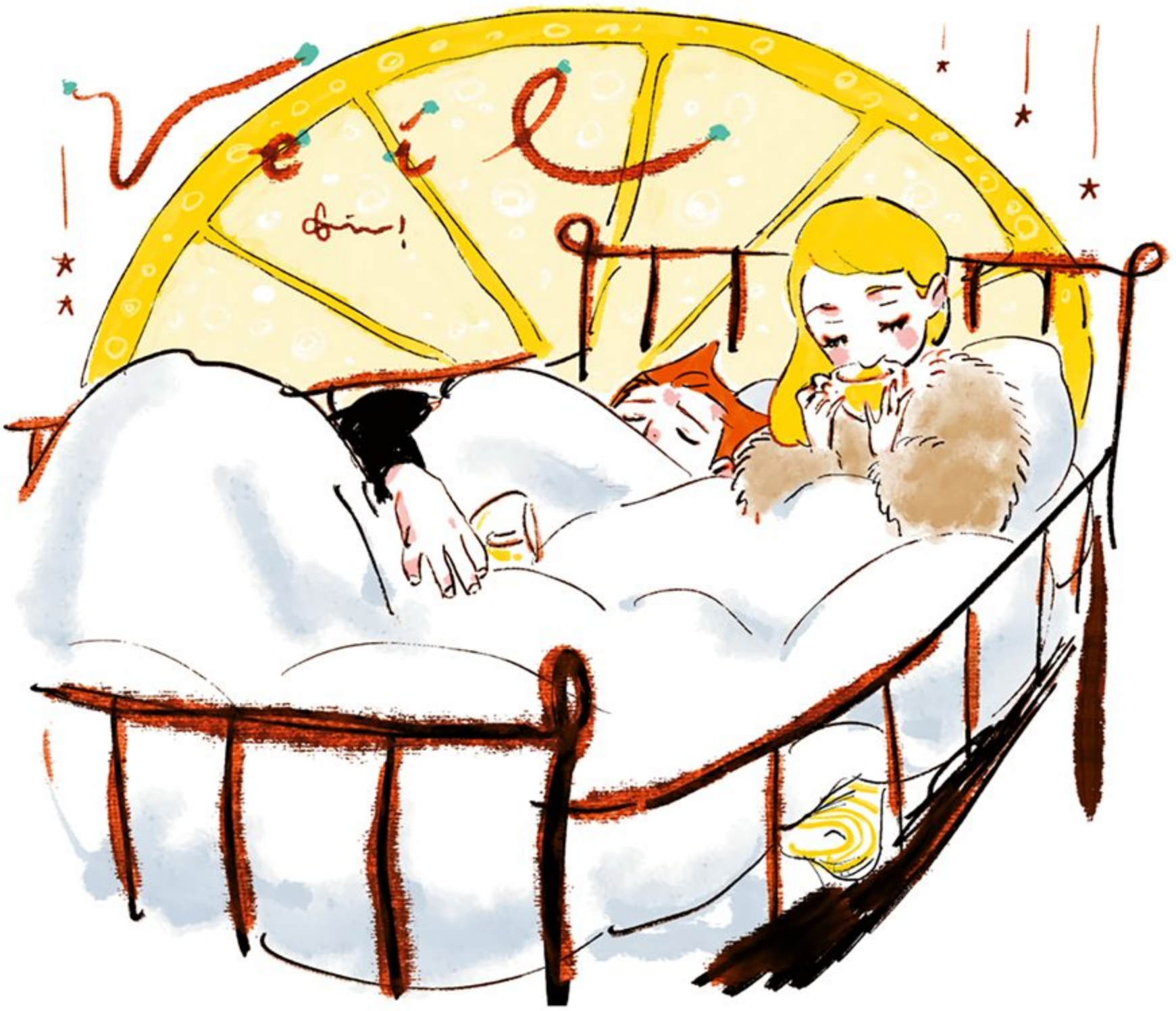
When she holds her cane, she becomes unstoppable. I feel like I'd completely forgotten this fact.
I currently hold said cane in my left hand. Her words when she reservedly forced it upon me,
"I wouldn't want to break something swinging this around"... meaning I'll stay by your side from now on.
I take a look at the handle once again.
A cat's paw with its claws showing ever so slightly. Always ready.

An empty department store. Perfectly quiet.
High ceilings with only a skylight and a handful of lamps lighting the space.
My hands are led to a music box on the shelf. It's in the shape of a carousel with a tiny jewellery box situated in the pedestal.
"A horsey! And this, your finger." It's been a while since her inquisitive fingers had made an appearance.
This music box is small enough to be cupped by my hands, yet despite its size, it is extremely detailed.
Her slender pinky traces it, eager to know its every nook and cranny.
I recall a time when she was captivated by a model car.
"See how small it is? Fairies and gnomes must exist!"
When she finds a shell, like a creature that has decided it as its new home, she caresses it with her fingers.

There were many things I wanted to share with her when it came to the sea.
The uncountable sun rays sparkling in the waves.
How pretty it would be to collect them to make an ornament to match her hair.
How stunning a dress made from the sea would be, not to be worn, but just hung up on display.
Or how I would love to see her swim.
Oh to see the warm, soft waves elevating and enveloping her.

His monologue

2023 1013 fois !


fois !